WONDERFUL INDIAN BASKETS.

THE FAD FOR COLLECTING THEM IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Skill and Art of the Indian Women in Making Baskets—From $40 to $1,000 Paid for Single Specimens—Difficulties of Collecting—The Art Becoming Lost.

PHŒNIX, Ariz., March 4.—Steadily and rapidly the ancient work of basketry is becoming a lost art among the American Indians and the curio collectors are gathering in all the baskets which the reservations can produce.

The education of the Indian is leading him out of the basket business and into other fields. Particularly is this true of the Indian tribes in the Southwestern country, although the immense demand for the wicker work, and the consequent high prices, have, to a degree, revived the industry.

It is estimated that baskets valued at no less than $5,000,000 have been taken from California and Arizona alone in the last two years. To be sure the makers received but a small proportion of that sum, the greater profit going to the Eastern dealer. So heavy has been the demand that the Southwest has been nearly denuded of the finer baskets, and hundreds of dealers and agents of museums are vying with one another to get fine specimens of work of the different tribes.

The beginning of the basketry art was in the necessity of the Indians and is so far in the past as to be unrecorded. When the whites first came to this country the aborigines were using baskets made with such material as they had at hand differing in the various localities.

All the Pacific Coast Indians, from Alaska to Mexico, were proficient in this art; but at present, the largest tribes of basket makers are in Arizona. Here the basket is in every day use, from the cradle to the grave, and it also has its place in the secret rites and ceremonies of several tribes. The Moki, or Hopi, plaques, are used in the altar settings in the Snake Kiva and also to hold the meal which is sprinkled on the priests and rattlesnakes at the celebrated snake dance.

The Apaches make a great variety of very fine baskets, and their large ollas are in great demand. In many specimens of their work, as well as in that of the Pimas and Maricopas, the Swastika cross is found.

The Pimas and Maricopas formerly made fine baskets and some of them do so at the present time, but contact with the whites has had its effect and the art is so rapidly dying that fine specimens are rarely found outside of private collections. Just at this time the Pima tribe having no water for the irrigation of their lands, and with the consequent empty larders, are, in a measure, taking up the languishing industry, and men, women and children are being pressed into service at making baskets.

Basket weaving was introduced among the Pimas probably 100 years ago when the Maricopas sought shelter among them from the slaughter of the Yumas. At that time the Pimas made pottery only, but perceiving that the baskets were an advanced product, they learned the art from the refugees.

On the other hand, the Maricopas allowed basket weaving to fall into disuse, and now manufacture pottery only. The Maricopa woman carries her pottery for sale in a basket, but while anxious to dispose of the earthenware, she will not part with the basket.

The curious fact in relation to the change of industries, was ascertained last summer by Prof. A. J. MacClatchie of Phœnix, who is making a study of the Pimas on behalf of the Smithsonian Institution. This is also the verbal testimony of Chief Antonio of the Pimas, who is nearly 100 years old.

In the baskets made by the Pimas, the circular part of the weave is made from stems of the cat-tail or tule (*Typha angustifolia.*) They are split into quarters or eighths, as the texture of the basket demands.

The visible or outer portions of the basket are the splints that run vertically. The white ones are willow twigs, split after the bark has been removed, and the black splints, with which the decorative figures are made, are from the cortex or outer layer of the seed pods.

The Eastern tourists who spend their winters in the West leave many thousands of dollars out here in exchange for Indian baskets. No other fad has been taken up so vigorously by the people of the Pacific Coast, and few fads cost so much money to indulge.

As for one's satisfying the ambition to form a complete collection of aboriginal fine art basketry, that is almost out of the question. An Arizona Indian basket may be bought for $1.50 or $2, but it is not what a knowing basket collector cares for.

The cheap modern specimens have heavy fibres, and coarse stitches or strands, and have been made simply for the white man's money in the shortest time. The Indian basket connoisseur will have nothing but delicately woven baskets, with mellow colored markings and soft and flexible strands, yet so exquisitely put together that they have withstood hard usage, and hold water as well as a stone vessel.

Such baskets were woven through weeks and months of infinite patience. They were the savage makers' masterpieces, and were designed to pass as heirlooms from generation to generation. They cost nowadays from $25 to $1,000 each, and each year adds to their value.

Fifty or sixty baskets, each showing a stage in tribal handicraft, make a fair collection, but to get them together one has to travel hundreds of miles to the reservations, to do a deal of talking and coaxing among the remnants of the old tribes, and to spend a lot of money. Some Indian basket collectors have been adding to their textile treasures for a dozen years, at an expenditure of diligent planning, hard travel and small fortunes, and despair of ever getting together a fairly complete collection.

A score of years ago there was no real collection of Indian baskets. The few stray specimens of aboriginal basketry that people owned were tossed on top shelves and in out-of-the-way places, in homes here and there on the Pacific Coast.

There were specimens of baskets in some of the museums and public libraries. Nearly every town had a few residents who picked up at different times Indian grass-woven baskets and kept them as curious specimens of savage workmanship.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, when she was in southern California getting material for her romance "Ramona" wrote several magazine articles on the growing value of Indian basketry as the highest expression of savage art. [illegible]

[illegible]

or grimy an aboriginal basket may be in these days, if it but have the soft brown or dull burnt reds, that only the squaws know how to produce, and if its age is known to be anything from 40 to 100 years, almost any sum can be had from a connoisseur for it.

The Eastern tourists every winter were won by the beauty and variety of Indian basket collections, and they carried the collecting passion back with them to their homes. The zeal of collecting Indian baskets has spread to Europe.

In all the larger cities of the Pacific Coast and the Territories, people employed by the wealthy basket collectors of the Eastern States and Europe, are always in the market for specimens of aboriginal basketry. Some of the largest private collections on the coast comprise 120 specimens.

The Campbell collection, in Los Angeles, comprises 138 specimens and is very complete. It has cost upward of $8,000, and, besides, it was made before the vogue made the weaves so costly. The more enthusiastic collectors seldom have dealings with the sellers of baskets in the curio stores of this region, preferring to go themselves out among the tribes and to bargain for specimens that suit their fancy.

Basketry was the most developed art among some tribes. In some tribes it has been the sole art. A scientific collection of Indian baskets shows the gradual advance of a tribe from the crudest ideas of textile art and beauty, to a remarkable degree of taste in ingenious, graceful markings, flexible fine weaves and soft harmonious colorings.

For instance, the Jewett collection of baskets, from the Tulare tribe only, shows how during a century the basket makers developed a basket, which, in form, color and taste, delicate and firm weave, cannot be equalled by any other people. Simply with grasses and weeds, the old squaws expressed in weaving their ideas of the artistic and useful.

Each tribe had its particular notions as to what was desirable, and a connoisseur in Indian baskets knows at a glance the work of any tribe and almost the time of the making of any particular specimen.

The aboriginal basket makers got their patterns from nature. They imitated acorns, mesquite, bean pods, pine cones, heads of artichokes and teasel burrs. Their ideas for basket marking and ornamentation were borrowed from the black marks on lizards and rattlesnakes, from the gray plumage of birds, from zigzag streaks of lightning and from the overlapping of branches on palm trees.

A good collection of Indian baskets shows wonderful inventive genius, fertility of resources and marvellous patience of the squaw weavers. On the hot arid wastes of the Southwest, where water had to be carried long distances and stored for use, the aborigine devised great baskets, so tightly woven of grasses as to hold water and at the same time be easy of carriage. The lightest, toughest and most flexible of materials were chosen for the manufacture.

The basket became the all-important utensil in the life of the Southwestern Indians. Food was cooked in grass-woven baskets. Water was heated and soup was made by heating stones and then dropping them into the liquid in the baskets. A bread of the flour of acorns and pine nuts was baked by placing a heated stone in the basket containing the dough.

Baskets were used for gathering stores of acorns, mesquite and other wild seeds. Larger baskets were used for granaries. In them the season's supplies of dried nuts, fruits, seeds, grasshoppers and crickets were stored by the squaws.

There were other uses for baskets by the aborigines. Taught by the oriole the form of a nest for the young the Indian mother wove in her finest handiwork and with infinite patience a basket for her brown baby. She lined it with the down of milkweed and soft fibres, as the oriole does. Then, when she had decorated it with fine feathers and bits of colored stones she strapped the precious basket to her back.

Mortars were used by all Indians for grinding nuts and seeds, but even this crude mill was not complete until the squaw had woven a rim of basketry and had cemented it to the mortar, so as to save all the food during the grinding. To winnow seeds from their hulls and husks other baskets came into use.

Water jugs of finely woven grasses, ingeniously lined with an exudation of pine trees, were made by all thrifty Indian women, and some of them are as serviceable to-day, after several generations of hard use, as they were when fashioned. As the family increased more baskets were necessary; strong, heavy ones for the storage of grain and nuts, others light and waterproof and substantial for the storage of the animal skin clothing, when the season of heavy rains came.

Alone in the forest or out on the edge of a lonely waste woven grass articles came into use in every phase of the Indian life. Flat placques, a yard in diameter and as smooth as a table, were woven for tribal gambling purposes.

Bucklers were made by the hundred, and the squaws vied with one another to produce for their husbands or lovers armor, so strongly made that it would resist the most violent assault, and withal so beautifully decorated that its wearer would be the pride of the tribe. There were grass-woven hats, moccasins and saddles. The variety of the Indian textile articles, the infinite number of shapes, the many kinds of texture and the unaccountable style of decoration, all form an interesting study in the evolution of savage æstheticism and handicraft.

The wealth and standing of an aboriginal family were known in the tribe by its quantity of baskets, and the character of the squaw and her girls rested on the quality and ornamentation of the baskets. A woman who could weave a handsome, shapely basket, as large as a barrel, was the jewel of the tribe.

There is a wide difference between the old-time Indian baskets and the baskets that are made to-day. The former were the heirlooms of a savage race. The latter are made as quickly and cheaply as possible.

Formerly a squaw would spend a whole day in twisting and exquisitely weaving a square inch of grass basketry and for weeks would she compound her dyes with laborious care. The old-time Indian basket is to modern basketry what Irish point lace is to machine lace curtains.

Nowadays the white man's ideas are put into the weave. These baskets are porous, rough and coarse in strands, while dyes bought at the store are good enough. Besides, the peculiar grasses that made the soft, pliable and marvellously durable baskets of early days have disappeared with the white man's farming operations on the Pacific Coast and the retreat of the Indians back toward the mountains.

FOOT POWER LAUNCHES.

Small Boats With a Screw Propeller Operated by Pedalling.

For a long time in foreign countries and here there have been made small paddle wheel boats which have been operated by foot or by hand power.

Commonly these boats have been made with one wheel in a box in the middle of the boat, though there has occasionally been built one of these little boats with two paddle wheels, in regular little paddle boxes, one on either side, giving the boat some resemblance to a miniature steamboat. There has now appeared a foot power boat in which the power is applied to a screw propeller.

[illegible]

VEILED LADY FOUND A WAY.

AND THE PSYCHIC NAME FLOSSIE AVERTED A TRAGEDY.

Freddie's Wife Had Grown Tired of Him and Freddie Was in Despair, When He Stumbled on a Clairvoyant Who Was More Than Worthy of Her Hire.

By the time Freddie Lawrence has made another million or two it would not be surprising if he endowed a school for the advancement of clairvoyance. Yet six months ago you couldn't have found a greater scoffer at all forms of mysticism. The change came about in this way.

Six years ago Freddie was one of some forty young men who wanted to marry a certain young woman. All of Freddie's rivals seemed to have hopeless advantages inherited or acquired over him and Freddie grew so dejected that he became even less attractive than usual. Then the young woman married him, though Freddie has been unable wholly to believe it ever since.

No one ever accused Freddie of being brilliant, but he stepped into his father's shoes and did even better at business than he had at football. For four years Freddie gazed across his dining table at his wife, like a man astray in a fairy tale. That she looked back at him with a certain light in her eyes was to Freddie one of earth's mysteries.

But one day something happened, or rather something didn't happen, which was the same thing. At first it was a fleeting, half realized twinge of discomfort in one corner of Freddie's brain. Then a sense of unrest, now here, now gone, that made Freddie fear he was bilious. Then with a sort of dumb instinct he went and bought his wife a diamond and ruby necklace that was worth a Maharajah's ransom. But the unrest grew and sat on his chest. Something had been changed or lost, Freddie knew, but he groped along blindly. Then all of a sudden, one day, the truth went through him like half a dozen double-edged swords. His wife wasn't looking at him the way she used to look!

After that the descent into Hades was easy. Freddie's wife not only didn't look at him the way she used to look, but she didn't laugh at his stories the way she used to laugh. In the midst of one she tried to conceal a yawn.

When she took his arm her hand rested on it like a bird—but formerly it was a bird about to build a nest; now the bird was restless for flight. One night she asked him if he was going to the club, and when he replied that he would rather stay at home if he might sit and look at her, she looked bored.

Freddie's wife came to dance and talk and laugh with other men and accept Freddie with resignation. These other men were clever, most of them, or otherwise favored of fortune, like the thirty-nine rivals who had once driven Freddie to the brink of despair.

Freddie would have thought sooner of suicide than of finding fault with her. The only wonder he had was that she hadn't found him out before. He went from 190 pounds to 174, smoked black cigars to excess, spent thirteen hours a day at his desk, and had protracted fits of abstraction when time was worth a thousand dollars a minute to him.

Also he struggled for a while against fate. The constancy and delicacy of his attentions might have won a princess.

Then he complained to her reminiscently, and she did not understand and was annoyed. Then he tried simple dignity. Then mute pathos. At the end he was seeing her about twice a week at dinner.

One afternoon Freddie slammed his desk to and left his office in the middle of the afternoon because he felt if he didn't go out and walk around he would have apoplexy. He tramped about the streets for ten miles or so, hearing nothing and seeing nothing and nobody until he ran into or over them.

For a man whom nobody had ever accused of being sentimental or imaginative, Freddie was thinking queer thoughts. He was wondering if he should do some heroic deed—save a little child or an old man or half a dozen people—and was mangled or crushed (fatally perhaps) in the operation; whether when he was brought home by an admiring policeman and an ambulance surgeon his wife would brush back his hair from his forehead as she used to do. The picture was so pathetic that Freddie almost wept.

He might have wept had his eye not been arrested at that moment by a gorgeous black and gold sign on the ground floor of a flat house which he was passing. This was the sign:

> The Only Greatest
>
> VEILED LADY ISIS,
>
> Psychic, Palmist, Clairvoyant.
>
> Past and Future Fully Revealed. The Separated United. Lost Affections Restored. Valuable Advice on Love, Marriage, Health, Sickness, Divorce, Lawsuits, Speculation, Business.
>
> Nothing Too Difficult.

Freddie read the sign over two or three times. Then he picked out the clauses about the "separated" and the "lost affections" and dwelt on them. Then he looked up and down the street hastily, plunged into the flat house and knocked at the Veiled Lady's door.

A young woman with her hair in curl papers ushered him into a half-darkened front room hung with Oriental-looking and very dirty draperies. There was a stuffed baby alligator on a centre table, with something burning in a bowl beside it which smelled bad, and various other outlandish but inexpensive bric-à-brac.

"Now don't say a word," said the Veiled Lady as she appeared from behind a velours portière. "You're in love, poor fellow, and the lady is cold. Now, ain't I right?"

Freddie started. There seemed to be something in psychics. His funeral face relaxed a trifle.

The Veiled Lady was a jovial, fat little prophetess and she seemed to like Freddie's looks. She took off her veil after the first formal moment and even offered to send out for beer if Freddie was dry. But Freddie didn't want any beer. He wanted clairvoyance.

"Well, then, you tell me the whole story, dear," said the Veiled Lady, "and I'll go into a psychic state and fix [illegible] up in a minute. You're a married man, ain't you?"

Freddie started again. The Veiled Lady certainly was a wonder. He told her his story, omitting names and points of identification, of course, and the most harrowing details.

It seemed more tragic and hopeless to him as he told it. But the prophetess surveyed Freddie's [illegible] figure and her black eyes flashed [illegible].

"I don't have to go into a psychic state for such an easy case," she said. "You've just got to tell me one thing: the lady's first name."

The lady's first name was Mildred.

[illegible]

"How much do I owe you?" he asked.

"That'll be $50," said the veiled lady [illegible].

"Fifty dollars!" echoed Freddie. "For the foolishness you've been talking? Your card says '$1 a sitting.'"

"That's all right about my card, dear," said the veiled lady. "This is different."

She stopped and regarded Freddie searchingly.

"You don't think my reading is worth $50?" she asked.

"I don't think it's worth two cents," replied Freddie.

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do then," said the prophetess. "Don't pay me a cent now. You go home and try my scheme. Then come around next week and pay me just what you think it's worth. Is that fair?"

Freddie didn't like the plan. He wanted to be rid of the veiled lady. He offered to compromise for $5, then for ten. He would have paid the fifty finally, but the veiled lady pushed him gently to the door and out. She seemed to like the proposition the more she thought of it.

"That's all right," she said. "You come around next week. But be sure and do it absent-minded, darling."

Then she shut her door and Freddie made for the open air.

His wife dined at home the next night. Freddie hadn't the remotest intention of making a fool of himself on the veiled lady's prescription, but Mrs. Freddie was so wholly unresponsive and bored that in sheer desperation he had said before he knew it:

"What have you been doing to-day, Flossie dear?"

Mrs. Freddie looked up with a suddenness that jolted Freddie.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"I merely asked you what you had been doing to-day," said Freddie.

"Well, what," asked Mrs. Freddie, "did you call me?"

She hadn't looked at Freddie with such interest for six months. Freddie couldn't believe his senses.

"Why 'Mildred' I suppose, what else?" asked Freddie, lying without a quiver. Then in two dozen words she told him of her doings that day.

Two nights later Freddie was dozing on the library couch when his wife came home from a dinner. She passed by him and he put out his hand and seized her sleeve.

"Hello, Flossie, dear," said Freddie sleepily.

Freddie weighs at least 600 pounds when he is sleepy, but she had him by the shoulders sitting upright in less time than it takes to tell it.

"Freddie—Freddie Lawrence," she demanded, her eyes and cheeks blazing and looking far more lovely than Freddie had ever seen her, "what have you been calling me? What do you mean by calling me Flossie? Who is Flossie, Freddie dear——?"

Freddie lost his mind temporarily, but his soul expanded like a balloon, and the rest is sacred history.

The next afternoon Freddie was ushered into the Veiled Lady's sanctum.

"Well, birdie," asked that genial prophetess, "do I get my fifty?"

"You do," said Freddie, handing her a bill. "I might have sent it to you, but I wanted to come"—Freddie showed emotion—"and tell you that you're all right."

The Veiled Lady looked at the bill as a matter of business. It was a $500 gold certificate.

"You're all right, too," said the prophetess. "But say, dear, don't you ever try that psychic name again. It wouldn't work."

IN AN ELEVATED LOCOMOTIVE.

An Experience of Bucking That Beats a Western Bronco.

Don't complain when you are jammed in an elevated railroad express train. It's worse on the engine.

"I thought it would be a lark to ride downtown on one of the little elevated railway engines," said a man who has a pull at the offices of the Manhattan Railway Company. "Accordingly I persuaded an officer to write me a special order permitting me to ride on the engine of a Ninth avenue express train.

"I presented my pass to the engineer of an express just as he was making ready to pull out of the yards at 155th street about 8:30 one morning. He eyed me curiously for a moment, but as there was no mistake in the signature at the bottom of the order he let me swing myself into the cab.

"Nothing happened on the run down to 116th street, but I was very much surprised to find more levers, knobs and nuts on the inside of that little dinky than there are on a real express locomotive.

"When the last unfortunate individual had been crammed into the cars at 116th street and the gates shut we switched onto the middle track and started at a good steady clip for the curve at 110th street.

"'Does she jar much?' I asked, as I leaned up against the back of the cab.

"'Not much,' the engineer replied, with his head and shoulders hanging out the little side door.

"I thought I saw a smile flit across the face of the fireman, but I wasn't sure.

"As we swung around into the straight stretch at 109th street we caught up with the rear car of a local train on the outside track. I stood watching the other train and remarking to myself that it looked as though we were standing still and the other train was running past us, when the engineer suddenly pulled something.

"There was a snort, a jerk, and I had the impression that all the cars in our train were piling up on the engine. I next discovered myself on all fours with the end of the reversing lever in the pit of my stomach and my face in a pile of oily waste under the seat reserved for the engineer.

"The engineer reached down, took me by the collar with one hand and jerked me into the seat beside him, where I hung on with both hands and with my feet braced against the boilers. Talk about your Western bucking bronco! He is a rubber-tired baby carriage compared with the way that engine bounced up and down and rolled from side to side.

"I could hear the coal in the tender bang around with a noise like stage thunder. And every few seconds the train would give a jerk that seemed to me to yank the engine two feet above the rails.

"By this time my heart was pressing hard against my front teeth and when we slowed up to get the clear signal for the switch at Fifty-third street, where the Sixth avenue trains turn off, I prayed we would stop long enough for me to fall off. I had the impression that the chance of dropping to the street below would be a relief after riding in that sizzling, snorting, bucking engine cab.

"But we stopped only long enough to give the train two or three extra hard jerks and we were off again. At the Fifty-third street switch we missed the tail end of a Sixth avenue train about a foot, but I involuntarily ducked my head, for I thought we were going clean through the last car.

"We finally made a flying pass to the sidetrack at Fourteenth street, and came to a stop at the Christopher street station. I had just strength enough to drop out of the cab and crawl to the short flight of steps that lead from the tracks to the station platform. I sat down on the bottom step with about as damp a wet rag feeling as I ever wish to experience.

"When I could walk a little I staggered over to West street and took a belt-line horse car down to Cortlandt street. After my trip in the engine the gait of an ordinary horse car was about as fast as I wanted to ride."

German Army Manoeuvres.

According to the programme of manoeuvres for next summer just approved by the German Emperor there will be corps operations by the beginning of the [illegible] and the Fourth, Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth [illegible]

[illegible]

HE'S A BUYER ENTERTAINER.

ONE MAN IN NEW YORK WITH A WEARING, HILARIOUS JOB.

It Is His Business to Show the Sights of the Town to the Customers of a Big Importing Firm—Demands Made on Him—Varied Surprises From the West.

There's a man in this town who holds down a mighty wearing, if hilarious, job. He's attached to a big importing firm in the capacity of buyer entertainer.

The buyers whom he entertains suppose him to be a junior partner in the firm, but he isn't. He is simply a buffer between the firm and the buyers, although the firm introduces him to the buyers as "our Mr. Blank."

He saves sleep for the firm, and big heads, and that morning feeling. He bears the brunt of the buyers' stored-up skittishness.

The average buyer who hikes to New York nowadays has an anticipatory twinkle, not to say glitter, in his eye from the minute that he sets foot in the town. There is much that he desires to see here in New York. This buyer entertainer shows it to him.

He has been working at his job for a couple of years now, and he still looks good for quite a number of years more; but he often feels like hiding in the underbrush and living on wild berries. He is a big, well-set up individual, finished and easy-mannered, of about 35. He was talking about it all on a couch in a Turkish bath the other night.

"I had a Chicago man out last night," he explained, "and I've still got a bit of that where-am-I-at feeling. They're pretty good sprinters, those Chicago chaps, but they can't go the distance. They pass it up early. I lost him somewhere or another, when he was trying to tell a grinning roughneck cop the history of his sad life in seven languages.

"Yes," he went on, "I've been walking the buyers up and down and around the maypole for couple of years. So far as I know I'm the only man employed for that particular purpose.

"The members of the firm used to take turns in dancing the buyers up and down themselves, but they're getting along in years so that they need their rest and an even life. So, when the merry-go-rounding of the buyers began to be a little too feverish for their blood, and it became a case of their hurting the buyers' feelings or going to join the angels themselves, they took me on as fender, so to speak, and if you think for one minute that the sporting life as a steady game is one delirious whirl of joy, just ask me, that's all.

"There used to be a time," he went on, a bit languidly, "when the buyers visiting New York were more or less of a sedate lot. About a three-and-a-half-minute clip to road wagon was their mark. A dinner or so with members of the various firms they bought goods of, and perhaps one or two visits to the theatre, and they went back to their home towns thinking that they'd had a bully time.

"But now!" and the buyer entertainer drew his togs closer about him and shook his head wearily. "They want it all now, from soup to nuts, and then some of 'em want to begin all over again and repeat the programme backward. They're a pretty fly lot, most of them, and they don't hesitate one-eighth of a second to tell you that they intend to kick a whole lot of slats out of New York before they take the roller for the burg where their firms are located. They don't balk at any old thing that they think is part of the whizz.

"I had one out the other night, a gaunt, gawky guy from Des Moines, Ia., who got it into his head that he wanted to smoke hop. He had it all figured out that all of the real nifty boys in New York were dope fiends, and it was plain that he considered that he'd be eternally disgraced if he went back to Iowa without having monkeyed with the hop-toi just a few, anyhow.

"I tried to pursuade him out of this bug, but it was no use. I told him that the bunch in this town, the real kind, didn't fool with the yen-hok at all—that they had a whole lot of other ways of digging early graves. But he declined to see me. Just shook his head in a stubborn sort of way and told me that he was going up against a pill or two that night if he had to smash in the whole front of a Chink laundry with a rock.

"Well, he bought several thousand dollars' worth of goods from the firm that day, and I knew that they wanted him handled particularly right, and so there was nothing for it but to lift him into a caloosh and race him down to the plant of a slant-eyed friend of mine in Mott street. I thought that after he'd had a long draw or so he'd make it a case of both hands up and faintly request to be convoyed to his hotel in clog time.

"But this Iowa man fooled me up a large number. I am perfectly certain that he had never seen a layout before in his life, but he just took to the hop like a kitten to a ball of yarn. He kept my Chink chum cooking pills over the lamp for him for three-quarters of an hour with nix a blink, and he asked the Chinaman how much a month he'd take to go out to Des Moines, Ia., and conduct a private dope plant for him.

"I just sat and looked on. Me for any of that? Well, not unless I'm bucked and gagged, roped and hobbled, nay. At the end of three-quarters of an hour, when my guant guest was still telling the wondering Chinaman to get a move on and roll 'em faster, I intimated to him that what he needed right then was a lot of fresh air and much time to ponder.

"He invited me to the jungle, and told the Chink to keep on a-working. Well, I wasn't going to be mashed up in any morgue case if I could help myself and so I just picked that Iowa buyer up, dragged him down the stairs, tossed him into the waiting wagon, and took him to his caravansary.

"I dropped in upon him next morning and, I tell it to you right, I was almost afraid to send my card up to his room for fear the bell boy 'ud come back and announce that he had necked in. But he hadn't. He was sitting up in bed, rubbing his head in a mystified way when I entered the room, and when I asked him how he felt he only shook his head sadly and gazed at his finger nails as if he'd never seen them before in the whole course of his life.

"'Now will you be good?' said I, just to rouse him, but he [illegible] made any reply.

[illegible]

"I had that man out on the slack-rope with me for five nights a-running, and when I finally got him on the varnished car bound West he was still good enough to do a hundred yards in about eleven seconds flat, while I repaired to my rooms and told 'em not to wake me and to walk on eggs for the next forty-eight hours on pain of death.

"Then, again, plenty of them have fooled me up the other way. About a month ago a man came up to my firm from Dallas, Tex., to buy a whole stock of goods for a new establishment. You can imagine the consideration in which the firm held him.

"I'd had a pretty hard week of it when this man got in, and when I saw him I felt just like sitting down and sobbing out aloud. He was about 6 feet 8 high, and he was a dead ringer for those ba-ad men you hear about—raw-boned and muscular with a steely eye, sweeping black mustache huge black sombrero, black clothes with long frock coat, and all the rest of it.

"'Here,' said I to myself, 'is where I get tied up in a gunnysack and tossed into the creek. Here is where I lose out on my laboriously built-up reputation as a weight carrier and a route-goer. Right at this point is where I get twisted up into figure-of-eight knots to amuse the children. This one that's going to be handed over to me probably to-night belongs to the breed that hurls the drink in and then eats the glass. When he gets about 62 in he'll be wanting to break the arms of little girls and saw and split and pile away all of the cops in New York—and me to play tag with him!'

"Well, I knew that I had to stand up under it, although I foresaw quick disaster, and so I put on the chain shirt, so to speak, and waited for it to happen. It happened, as I expected it would, that night.

"The firm handed him over to me with explicit instructions to show him the whole works and to make him think that the firm owned the city of New York from the Battery to High Bridge. I brought my teeth together with a click and said that I'd do the best I could by him.

"He looked me over with a sardonic leer under that long, sweeping black mustache, and I remarked unto myself that, anyhow, I wasn't going to be piped out by any dead one—that this Dallas individual who would probably whistle me to the elongated cacti looked as if he had the goods on him, but, at that, I'd try to let him know, before dawn's early light, that he'd been to the races, to put it that way.

"I wanted to know the worst as soon as possible, and so, for a start-off, I took him to one of the Broadway rathskellers. If he was going to shoot up any waiters, I preferred that he should shoot up rathskeller waiters than any other kind, for most of them need it.

"Well, that'll be about all of him. He got away with three highballs, and then he went sound asleep, just as much out as if he'd got a hard one right on the point of the jaw with a croquet mallet. I got him to his hotel with great effort, and the next morning he had a terrific headache and inquired of me in a reproachful kind of way why I'd permitted him to overdrink himself that way.

"I found him to be as mild-mannered a gazoob as ever slit a weazand. What he most wanted to see in New York, he told me, were the Brooklyn Bridge, the Liberty Statue, Grant's Tomb and the Waldorf, and I took him around and showed him these.

"Easy? It was like garroting poor old gran'ma, and I had framed up the idea when I clapped the first eye on him that when he got through with me I would be in a wagon bound for the centrifugal grease works.

"A warm-looking picture card from St. Loo zephyred in last week. He wore garrulous checked clothing, gig-lamps of much blue-whiteness all over his person, and his top hat rakishly pulled down over his left ear. He looked the lovee sport plus all right, and I figured him out as a candidate for the Derby distance under stake weight.

"'He'll be giving the newsboys two-dollar bills by 3 o'clock to-morrow morning,' said I to myself, 'and then he'll be inquiring of me why the Coney Island boats don't run all the year 'round.'

"The firm handed him over to me at 6 o'clock, closing-up time that evening.

"'Well,' said I, passing him a real sassy wink, 'what's it going to be? Where do we begin to eat 'em up?'

"He looked me over, first with curiosity and then with severity.

"'Do you know of any Episcopal Church where there are Lenten services this evening?' he asked me, and I never came so near falling right down on a wood floor in my life.

"No, he wasn't kidding. I found the church and took him there, and after the services we had some graham wafers and cocoa. Fact."

HOUSE WRECKING.

A Trade in Which Skill and Experience Count—It Employs Hundreds.

"Housewrecking," said a dealer in second-hand building materials, "has come to be a trade which men follow steadily just as they do any other employment, working at it the year 'round and year in and year out.

"There are some hundreds of housewreckers, take them altogether, in New York, men who are constantly engaged in pulling down buildings or in handling the second-hand material, and in all the various branches of this work skill and experience count, as they do in any work.

"It might seem as though any man that has strength enough for it could go into a house with a crowbar and rip up a floor, and so he could, but an unskilled and inexperienced man would split and splinter the stuff and make it useless for anything but kindling wood, while a capable man would take up flooring, tongued and grooved stuff, it might be, too, in the same time without injuring it, getting it up in such condition that it could be sold again for flooring.

"One way of doing the work would result in a loss to the dealer in material who had contracted to remove the building, and the other in a profit. So, while it might look as if the work of demolishing a building was being carried on without a thought of anything but getting it down and out of the way, as a matter of fact care is constantly exercised to get the stuff out in such condition that it can be used again and so can be sold again.

"In pulling down walls, and that sort of thing, there is a call not only for strength and skill, but for courage and nerve as well. Housewrecking is of course a hazardous employment and the rates of insurance on those engaged in it are high.

"The beginners at this work start on the ground level knocking the plaster off bricks, carrying out stuff, and so on, and piling brick, and that sort of thing. From this they get into [illegible] work and up onto the various floors of a building at work of one sort and another, and finally onto the walls.

"At first in the various employments in the business above ground they work where there are still remaining floors, or at least floor beams, but coming gradually, if they are able to do the work, to working standing on the top of a bare and unprotected wall, where an ordinary and inexperienced man would have difficulty in keeping his balance at all, but where the housewrecker not only does that but works away all the time with a crowbar.

[illegible]

[illegible] keep all their best men at any rate permanently employed."

NEGROES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

CHAPLAIN STEWARD LOOKS FOR A MIGRATION THITHER.

Colored Soldiers Who Like the Islands—Prized as Husbands by Filipino Women—Opportunities for the Negro.

IBA, Zambales, P. I., Feb. 2.—Few things of the future appear more probable than that important numbers of American colored people will settle in the Philippines.

As soldiers not less than 7,000 of them have seen the country, and a large proportion of those who have been here like both the country and the people. Of the Volunteers who served in those two model regiments, the Forty-eighth and the Forty-ninth, scores are coming back into the service that they may again visit the Philippines, and scores of discharged regulars are anxious to remain here.

Inquiry as to the reasons for this preference I have received in substance the following: The colored man feels a degree of freedom here that he cannot feel in many parts of the United States. Asking an old soldier recently discharged, when he expected to go to the States, his answer was:

"I don't care if I never go. They are disfranchising my people all over the country. I feel freer here than I do at home."

Another old soldier in the time of the worst hiking remarked: "I had rather soldier here than in some parts of the States."

These remarks must not be taken as indications of disloyalty, but as natural echoes from the experiences of the winter and spring of 1898-9. The men feel a joyous sense of their freedom, know the value of their rifles, and are all right for the flag and what it stands for; but they will not say a spade is a gold spoon.

They like Texas a thousand leagues away. They remember the remark: "There are no colored soldiers; there are niggers in uniform, but they are not soldiers." Who can blame them?

Again it is very easy for the men to obtain wives here; women differently educated from our women of course, but nevertheless, of average moral development, affectionate in disposition and according to the manner of the country, of thrifty and industrious habits.

They are as a rule well formed and not ill-looking, and are blessed with long luxuriant hair. It is no unusual thing to see women with hair four feet long and even longer. They are trained to work in the house and field and to business also, are domestic in their customs and exceedingly pious.

The American negro as a husband is so far superior to anything these women have ever seen, both in his treatment of his wife and in the provision that he makes for her, that he is looked upon by sensible women as a catch. It is a great step upward from being the slave of an *hombre* to become the companion and helpmeet of a benevolent-hearted American negro.

It must be remarked also that the Filipino and the American negro have very much in common in their views of life and in their ways of making use of time and energy. When in the South directly after the war I often saw the newly acquired home of the freed man and the old domicile of the cracker.

The approach to the former was not infrequently ornamented with whitewashed stones and young flowers and vines, while the walls within were decorated with pictures from *Harper's Weekly* and other prints. The cabin of the cracker contained nothing of the sort. The negro in his cabin sang, smiled and hoped; the cracker groaned, cursed and moped.

So here, the Filipino is happy and hopeful, always has time for a fiesta and is willing to go to any trouble to enjoy one. His fiesta takes the place of the negro's campmeeting and excursion. The Filipino is fond of music, although he has neither the voice nor the ear of the negro; he is fond of flowers, weddings and funerals, and is the negro's superior in decorative taste and skill.

He enjoys a laugh as well as the negro. The only woman on earth that I have met whose laugh can approach the richness and sweetness of the laugh of the natural colored woman of America is the woman of the Philippines.

No people could blend more readily and perhaps more advantageously than these two races. It would be a harmonious uniting of robust, vigorous progressiveness on the one side with delicacy and patience on the other, combining the practical and the poetic, the mechanical and the artistic. Such a people should be enthusiastic to plan, strong to construct and patient and tasteful in finishing.

I have observed among the children born of negro and Filipino parents some very beautiful specimens; for let me say that hundreds of marriages of this class are already formed, many of them apparently as truly love matches, as can be found anywhere. The work of blending has begun.

Chinese, Filipinos, negroes and perhaps Japanese, if remaining in contact, will more or less melt into a conglomerate. Of course I am speaking here of the American negro; and in this conglomerate he should be the handle, or to use a more appropriate figure, he should be the coupler uniting the Occident to the Orient.

So far as I have observed, the American negro is the only Occidental element that attracts. The natives stick—to use a forceful word—to the negro, they slip off of all others. He alone conserves enough of Oriental ways of thinking and feeling to understand them and to enter into sympathetic relations with them. Hence he should become America's hand of power in the Orient.

The question is sometimes asked: would not American negroes ultimately join with the natives socially and politically, and become in the near future a menace to the United States? Let every one who asks this question pause a moment, and then ask himself "Why should they?" Then let him unite with all good men in making America as good as she is great.

But the question in reply should be: "How could they?" Will not a large number of colored people still remain in the United States as hostages for those who are abroad? But to the question the real reply is, the American negro possesses a loyalty tried already to the fourth proof, and to doubt him is cruel indeed.

I cannot predict the result of the American negro's entrance into the Orient, but the movement gives signs of being a forward step in the march of history. [illegible]

[illegible]

T. G. STEWARD,
Chaplain Twenty-fifth Infantry.